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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Each Has Spoken," the magazine published by Thomas Jefferson High School, San Antonio, Texas. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discusses (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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ED268566

AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: EACH HAS SPOKEN

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Anita C. Arnold
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INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

CS 209 711

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44 earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

EACH HAS SPOKEN

Thomas Jefferson High School

San Antonio, Texas

Principal: R.B. Gonzales

Faculty Advisor: Anita Arnold

Student Editors: Sherrie Hoofard, Lori Grant and E.V. Martinez

"In the society which existed in George Orwell's 1984, all sense of imagination, creativity, and individuality were destroyed. In order to prevent this mass conformity from becoming a reality in the future, we must strive to encourage and to promote the qualities of imagination and creativity that are unique in every individual....The goal of our society should be to nurture each man's creative talent, encouraging its development and full expression. In doing so, we will insure the preservation of individual creativity, which makes each man unique."

--Sherrie Hoofard

Editor in Chief

Thomas Jefferson High School is a four-year public school located in San Antonio, an old and established middle-class community of approximately 900,000 residents. The student body at this 50-year-old school, described as upwardly mobile and highly motivated, is approximately 70 percent Mexican American. The

remaining 30 percent is primarily caucasian, with a small percentage of black students. Each Has Spoken, the student literary and arts magazine at Jefferson, has been published since 1960.

FORMAT: STRUGGLE AND JOY

The name Each Has Spoken, was chosed to represent the English Honor Society, the group that produces the magazine. In the first half of the 1984 issue, the work reflects the conflicts and struggles that people must face in their lifetimes. Works in the second half of the issue reflect "la joie de vivre" inherent to all people.

Measuring 8 1/2" x 11", the 1984 issue is printed on sky blue paper, center-stapled, with a white felt-finish card stock cover. This cover is illustrated with a series of television screens, one of which has been cut out to reveal an artist's palette from the frontispiece beneath which consists of a collage representing various forms of art: a violinist, a quill and inkwell, a dancer, parchment, and architectural details. The cover explanation note in the magazine states that in the early 1950s, Americans became fascinated with television screens, and that by 1984, the viewscreen has become indisposable. Not entirely the tool of progress that pioneers of the medium envisioned it, television has taught some people to forget their own creativity and has prevented others form learning the joy and pleasure of creating. "Here, locked behind many mindless television screens, are the expressive accomplishments of people whose minds are not tainted with static and blurs."

The magazine title appears in 30 point Linotext typeface in the last of the television screens, and again on the title page, in Elizabethan calligraphy, several inches high. Within the magazine, titles are set in 12 point Folio Medium typeface, text in 8 point Folio light, and authors in 8 point Folio light italic. The center spread contains illustrations of generic man and Albert Einstein, with quotes from 1984 and Einstein concerning ignorance and imagination, in keeping with the cover theme. An index of titles, authors, and artists appears at the end of the magazine.

PRODUCTION: ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY

Although any member of the student body may contribute a work for publication in Each Has Spoken, the staff is currently open only to members of the English Honor Society. The advisor selects the editor-in-chief and the associate editors.

Members of the staff meet each day in a production class, during which they do all selection of works, design, editing, proofreading, and selling of the magazines. The school district print shop typesets the copy, reduces the art, and prints and collates the pages. Apart from the printing procedures, the magazine in entirely student produced. Anita Arnold, who has been the advisor for Each Has Spoken for 8 years, sees her role as one of advisor and teacher of technique--decision-making is done by staff members.

SUBMISSIONS: WORKSHOP ATMOSPHERE

The magazine production class functions with a poetry workshop atmosphere, and many submissions come from staff

members. In addition, other students are reminded to submit by means of posters and by English teachers, who often encourage individual students to submit promising works of writing.

Before the selection process begins, staff members work with Ms. Arnold, practicing evaluation of submissions from previous years. When their holistic evaluation skills have reached a satisfactory level of consistency, each staff member votes in favor of or against each submission. Many of the black and white works of art placed throughout the magazine were drawn to complement individual pieces of writing.

FUNDING: ADVANCE SALES

The English Honor Society receives no funds from the school budget, thus relying on fundraising activities and sale of the magazine for the magazine budget. Approximately 90 percent of the $1,000 budget is recovered through advance sales. Fundraising activities account for the remaining 10 percent. These include a carwash, and an annual booksale, which, Ms. Arnold muses, has grown "bigger and bigger each year." Students and faculty contribute books for this sale.

Staff members produce the magazine at a cost of $2.00 per copy for a press run of 500 to 1,000, and sell it for $2.00 each. Ms. Arnold notes that through the advance sales efforts of the staff, most copies of the magazine are sold, allowing the staff to cover production costs not accounted for by fundraising activities.

EACH HAS SPOKEN: ADVISOR'S ADVICE

During her eight years as advisor, Ms. Arnold has not encountered any significant problems or initiated any great changes in the production of the magazine. One significant change she anticipates for the future, however, is opening the staff to anyone interested in committing themselves to the work, rather than just to English Honor students.

Ms. Arnold's tenure has provided her with much wisdom to pass on to new advisors. First, find another advisor with experience and learn as much as possible from him or her about production procedures and the business aspects of running a magazine. Second, know how much various stages of production cost before proceeding.

In spite of the sometimes overwhelming logistics of producing a student magazine, Ms. Arnold fervently hopes that "literary magazines never fade out of the schools." With enthusiastic advisors such as Ms. Arnold, and talented students such as those at Thomas Jefferson, it is likely that literary magazines will proliferate for some time to come.

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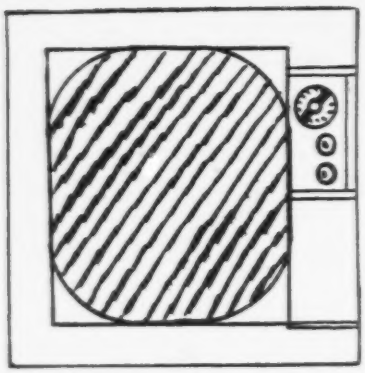
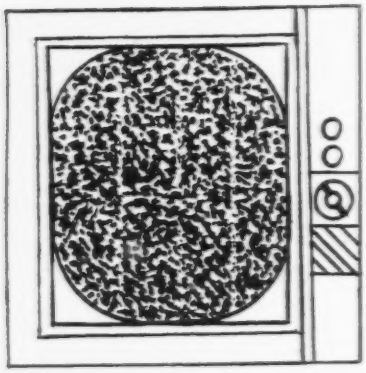
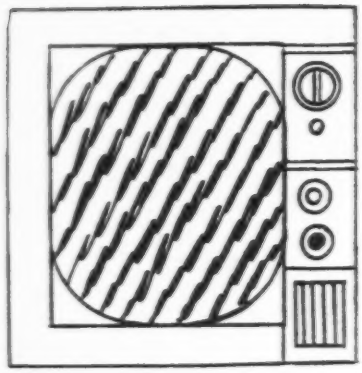
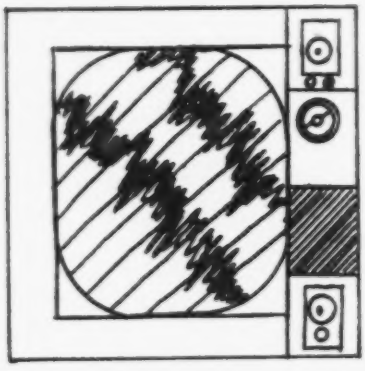
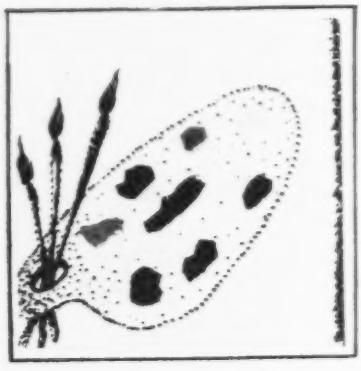
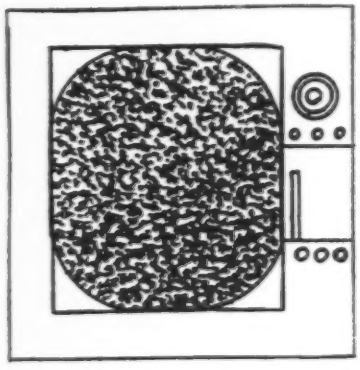
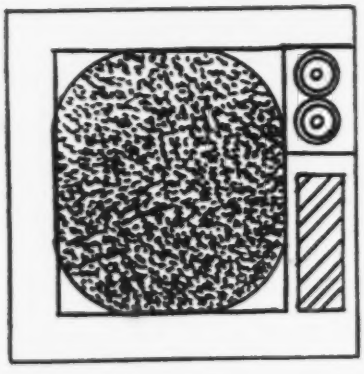
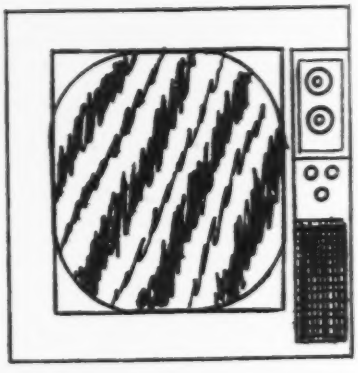
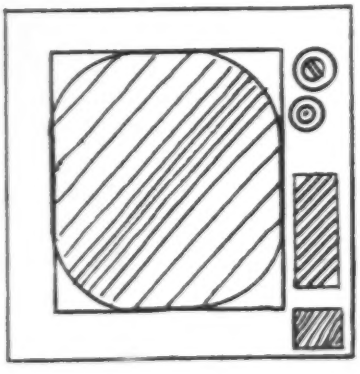
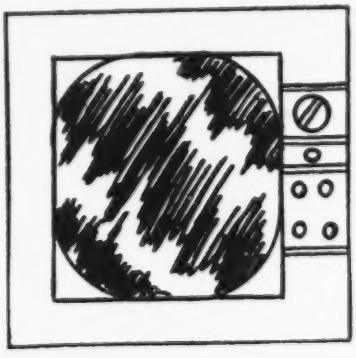
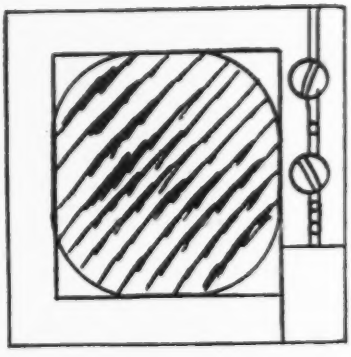
Copies of Each Has Spoken may be obtained from

Thomas Jefferson High School

723 Donaldson

San Antonio, TX 78201

Cost: $2.50 (includes postage)

Each
Has
Spoken

Editor's Note

In the society which existed in George Orwell's ***1984***, all sense of imagination, creativity, and individuality were destroyed. In order to prevent this mass conformity from becoming a reality in the future, we must strive to encourage and to promote the qualities of imagination and creativity that are unique in every individual.

As our technological society advances at a rapid pace, it seems as if the ability to create is receding at an even faster rate. The death of man's ability to imagine and to create is very dangerous, for it signals the death of the society itself. Arnold Toynbee, a noted historian, emphasized the importance of creativity when he said:

> *"To give a fair chance to potential creativity is a matter of life and death for any society. This is all important because the outstanding creative ability of a fairly small percentage of the population is mankind's ultimate capital asset."*

The goal of our society should be to nurture each man's creative talent, encouraging its development and full expression. In doing so, we will insure the preservation of individual creativity, which makes each man unique.

In the first half of the 1984 ***Each Has Spoken***, the work reflects the conflicts and struggles that people must face in life. The second half of the issue reflects *la joie de vivre* inherent in all people.

Sherrie Hoofard '84

Staff

Sherrie Hoofard
Editor-in-Chief

Lori Grant
Associate Editor

E. V. Martinez
Associate Editor

Anita Arnold
Faculty Sponsor

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The Staff of this year's ***Each Has Spoken*** would like to thank the following people for their contributions to this magazine:
The English faculty for their support and encouragement.
All students who submitted work, whether accepted or not.
Mr. Yamin for artistic support.
Art students for their efforts to coordinate art with writing.
Gilbert Cardenas for his cover design, center page illustration, and artistic contributions.
Mr. F. B. Treviño and his excellent staff for advice, typesetting, and printing of this magazine.

Cover Explanation

In the early 1950's Americans became fascinated with television screens, staring endlessly at a new phenomenon. In 1984, the viewscreen is indisposable, a part of society that could not be removed by the strongest force. Pioneers of the television industry saw it as a way to speed progress and communication and a state of the art learning tool. But what can it teach us? It has taught many people to sit, still and quiet, for hours on end, eyes glued to the "electronic babysitter." It has taught some to forget their own creativity and has prevented others from learning the joy and pleasure of creating. Here, locked behind many mindless television screens, are the expressive accomplishments of people whose minds are not tainted with static and blurs.

E. V. Martinez '85

literary magazine
published by the
english honor society
thomas jefferson high school
san antonio, texas
VOLUME XXV

The Rise and Rise of
VIDEO MADNESS
and King T.V. Screen

There's a stage of glass
    that has crept into our culture.
It is here to kill the unburied dead
    and leave the living with an empty head.
Food-maker for the vultures
Destroyer of our culture
Meant for the lonely watcher
Sally listens to it like a teacher
She's deaf and blind and no one can reach her.

Sick things
    on the T.V. screen
See the violence that I mean
The Blood is Red
The Grass is Green
And both mix freely on my T.V. screen

(All right, friends of mine, don't touch that dial; we'll be right back after a while. Let's just listen to this quick mess from the people with the mild wild smiles. And while you're staring at the tile trying to smile, we'll feed the blind twisted lines of how to shine before your time.)

It's all a gimmick
    to make you trade
        your water for wine.
The good things are torn asunder
    by mankind's technical blunder
    and we have blinded ourselves
        to our perfect error.

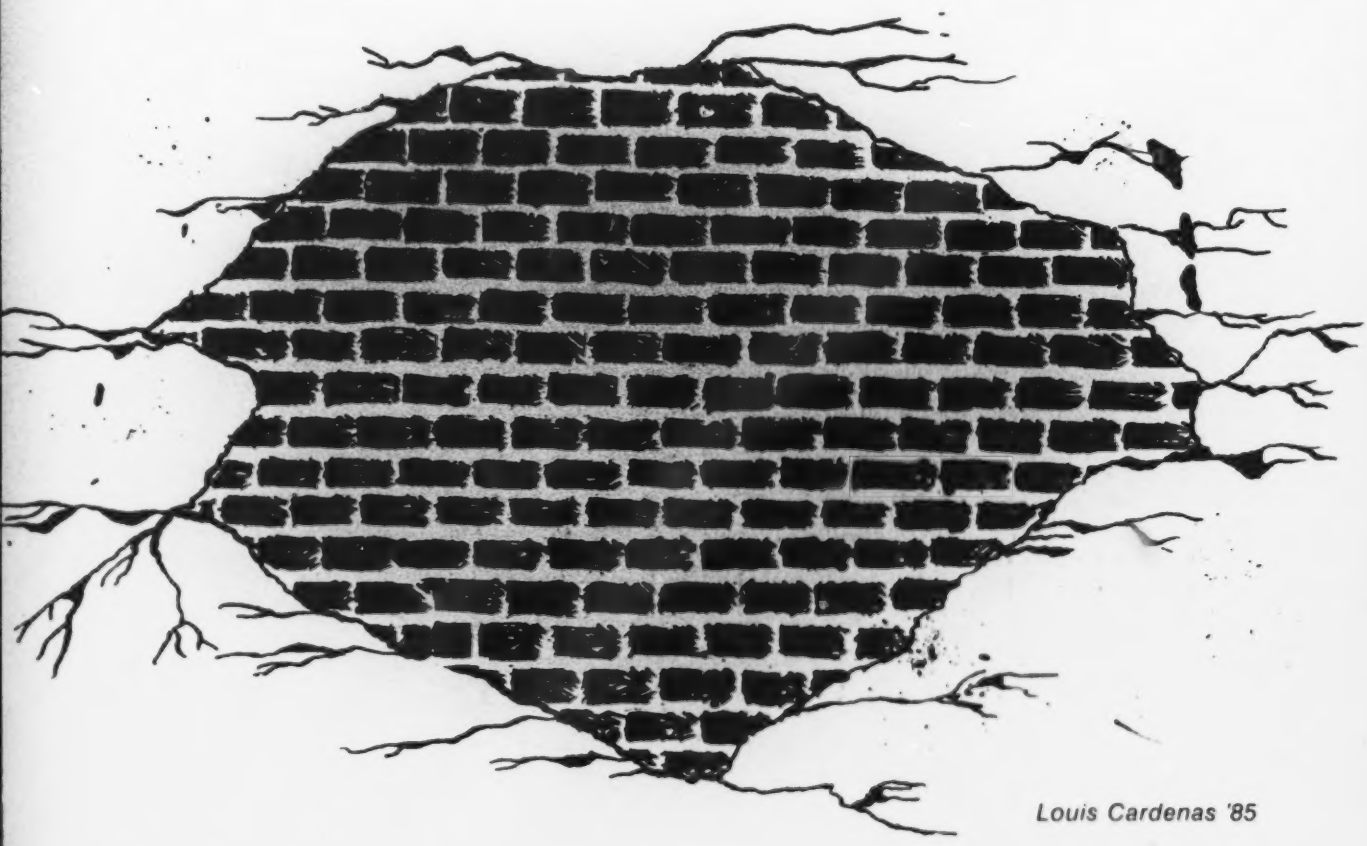
We cannot see past our T.V. screen
We cannot be seen
    without our T.V. screen
We are not immortal
    without our T.V. screen
We cannot be God
    without our T.V. screen
Do you see what I mean
    about the evil T.V. screen?
It is a wicked thing--
    the T.V. screen
It paints the world red and green
You cannot see black and white on the T.V. screen.
The easy things are all confused
No truths are ever used
The facts are abused
It's all bad news
In a world of fools
Who obey no rules. . .
    and don't go to schools
Television is the evil tool
    used. . .
    misused. . .
    abused by fools.
Rambling on insanely and inanely
    about all the stories man has told
    and the evil he has let grow
        and we don't know
            where it can end.
Laserdisc, Videodisc,
VCR, Cable channels galore
It's all an open door
    but there is no floor to stand upon
    no children to run along.
The War of Man vs. Machine is done
And the technical instrument has won. . .
                Channels down.

E. V. Martinez '85

Man-Made

Sitting in this plastic chair
atop this plastic floor
Pondering all the rubber thoughts that are
fed by plastic machines
Thoughts that bounce pointessly
Wondering which is more significant---
Ajax or Yoplait--
Nature does not make plastic
nor induces rubber thoughts
She is out to rival the nylon screen
her colors are more meaningful and
never that obscene.

Letti Ozuna '84



Louis Cardenas '85

Man's time
is getting near
and he will lose all
that he holds dear
when hell is regarded
no longer as down
but merely existing
on the ground.
His time will come
in the form of war
and he will be exposed in his barbaric core.
Man's war will start
and end with fire
which can disintegrate his bones.
Afterwards,
and only then,
man will fight with sticks and stones.

Gilbert Medina '84

Final Documentary

The Dead are watching
They tell me in my dreams
I see the light flicker
They want me, it seems
They tell me in advance
That way I will know
The closer the date
The more worried I grow

The shivers in my head tell of
What will be said
When the day turns into night
And the joyous live in fright
That day will come
I'm not afraid to say
So don't bother running
Don't even bother to pray
Seek and catch a friend
Before too long it will be the end.

James Scarsdale '84

MAN'S WORDS AS HE RE-ENTERS THE GARDEN OF EDEN

This is it?

Agustin Fuentes '84

Valley of the Grind

Chains of caution bind my soul.
All my will is locked
way down below.
The Devil shed his tears for me
as the Evil took my mind.

No Salvation can I find
in the Valley of the Grind.

I've got holes in my boots
and sores on my roots
and soft sand chokes my respirator.
Across the marsh terrain
I see the Castle of Pain
in the Valley of the Grind,
in the dark evil that was once
my mind.

E. V. Martinez '85

Revolution

It is a world where nothing moves
Where smiles and laughter are unknown.
A place where children are old
And where there is no play.
It is a world where hunger is common
Where home is a pile of rubble
A place where clothes are rags
And where happiness is a stranger.
It is a world where pain and sorrow prevail
Where there are no winners--only losers.
A place where brother and father leave to fight
And never return.

Mary Martinez '85

Steve Martinez '84

Climbin' Simon

Simon is a ladder-climber.
He climbs
and climbs
and climbs.
He is most familiar with the red brick wall
against which the ladder rests.
He knows every inch of the stoney surface
and its rough texture
and its strong structure.
But Simon's never stopped,
while climbing his ladder,
to turn around and experience the magnificent
bird's-eye view of the earth,
and all the kinds of people
upon its crust.
Poor Simon,
climbin'
and climbin'
and climbin'.
Some day he'll reach the top. . .
Only to be alone.

Veronica Maldonado '85

I. Interruption
Regulate
Guide
Enforce
Infringe on my life
Who are you
And what is your power?
Dare you touch my future
Destroy my past
In conformity, I will inherit your world.

II. Interpretation
I want dancing in your staidness
Giggles in your meditation
Circus performance in your golden
silent moments
Some day it will be mine.
Hee, hee.

Letti Ozuna '84

186,000 Miles Per Second

the speed of light
shall we ever attain it
light racing through the vacuum
thoughts racing through our minds
the scientists they say "never"
the children they say "forever"
many are stuck here on earth
their minds never wonder
the young and young at heart are
never in only one place
cold, hard facts the never-wonderers say
only sometimes I say
which is your reality?

Agustin Fuentes '84

Embryo

taken out and
put in the cold
removed from the warmth
of your mother's womb
unable to experience life
becoming a spectacle
surrounded by glass
floating in liquid
preserving your undeveloped state
not having the
privacy adjoining death.

Grace Paredes '84

MADD

why did you have to die
you are gone and I have no one, nothing
you have left me with a weeping heart
you're gone
death did us part
I loved you with all of my soul
a love I could not control
why have you died
oh the bitter tears I cried
you left without any farewell
now my life is a living hell

Grace Paredes '84

The prince and his cohorts had come to the end of the cavern wall. Beyond, bathed in a soft cavern light, lay a placid lake, its surface glass-like. Nearing the lake the group readied their weapons in case of an ambush by any inhabitants of this endless cavern. Jolo's fat little form waddled its way to the edge of the lake. On closer inspection, the lake, despite its glossy appearance, was murky and green, glowing with an undetectable light. Jolo knelt to touch the water, but Prince Kile shouted: "No! You don't know what the lake water contains, you ignorant little fool! How many times must I tell you not to touch anything you have no knowledge of!"

Jolo retorted angrily: "Lake water is lake water, your lordship. Harmless. I will touch it if I please. After all, you are not my master, and I am only on this quest involuntarily." Jolo, who was by now arousing Kile's anger, could have argued further, but was stopped short when he happened to be glancing toward the lake.

It was a dazzling sight beheld by the stocky dwarf's night eyes. In the midst of the lake, imperceptible to his human companions, rose a pinnacle of rock which glistened from the faint cavern light. Squinting and focusing all his night sight on the rock, Jolo espied an object floating above. It glittered, sparkled with fabulous jewels; its pommel pure gold, and its blade glinted with a greed all its own. It was the moment his eyes fell upon the object that Jolo had decided it had to be his. This beautifully crafted sword had to be his. It was the treasure of a lifetime. With it, Jolo reasoned, he could retire and leave his thieving days behind him.

In an instant, greed and desire overcame the dwarf. Jolo dove headlong into the water and began to swim as best he could.

Kile, like his human companions, had not seen the object of Jolo's desire. Instead, he shouted, commanded, for Jolo to return immediately. His orders went unobeyed .

"Leave the thieving rascal," General Keefe suggested with a grunt. "He's been of no use to us since we found him, my Prince. Let's go on; time is precious."

The prince, though he disliked the dwarf as much as the general, objected. "He's under my protection, General, so long as he's with us on this quest. He's as much a part of this party as anyone else." He turned to the enchantress beside him. "Viya, is there any way by your magical means to retrieve Jolo before he succeeds in drowning?"

Viya shook her head. "Something beckons him, my Prince. Something so strong it has taken a hold on his heart."

"What is it?" asked Prince Kile, watching Jolo swimming farther out, gradually disappearing into the dimness.

"Greed, my Prince. Desire. The thirst for that which is precious."

General Keefe humphed. "He obviously sees something of value out there. Something I suppose we humans can't see."

To Viya, Prince Kile said: "Is it possible, Viya, to enhance our vision in this poor light? Can you conjure a spell to aid our sight and to equal it to that of Jolo's nocturnal vision?"

Viya replied that she could. With a passing of a hand before the prince and his general, Viya endowed the gift of night sight. But for herself, it did not come, for it was her curse as an enchantress that her magic be unable to work for her but rather with her.

For an instant, Kile's and General Keefe's eyes burned, and then the sensation ebbed until both the prince and the general realized that they could see what only seconds before had been shadows. Even the rock, jutting out from the green glassy surface of the lake, could be detected with their new sight. And, not too far away, nearing the rock, thrashing wildly from growing exhaustion, was the round and almost shadowy form of Jolo.

"He's in trouble," Kile said. He looked about and spotted the rope which they had purchased when they had visited Doon, a city outside of his father's kingdom. Quick-thinking, Kile ordered Viya and General Keefe to make a chain. The prince would head the chain. and the others would follow with the rope secured to a jutting boulder on the lake bank. The prince began to wade into the murky water, sword in hand and shouting after Jolo. The general followed a few yards away. Viya stayed near the shore. There was enough rope for Kile to swim a good distance but still not close enough to grab hold of Jolo who was now thrashing and gasping. Jolo was only a hand's breadth away.

"Jolo! Reach for my hand!" the prince shouted.

Jolo went under. All went suddenly still, deathly still. The green water turned placid and the only sounds were the breathing of Kile and the General.

Viya suddenly became alert, her magical senses bristled with excitement. "Prince Kile! I sense danger!"

Kile looked back at the green-robed enchantress, waving frantically. Then he felt it, a strong current. The water around him began to bubble and steam. The calmness, the death-quiet exploded all around the prince. In horror he watched as a huge reptillian head broke the surface of the lake. Kile propelled himself backward, a desperate attempt to swim to shore. The reptillian head, its scales glinting like emeralds, rose higher and higher. Its long neck glistened, its huge, green leathery wings emerging and unfolding. "A dragon!" thought Kile, swimming as fast as he could.

The winged beast, now standing as tall as the tallest spire in Kile's kingdom, gazed down at the trio of humans with bloodred eyes. More food. The dwarf had been barely a mouthful, but these would make a delicious morsel.

Viya, seeing the danger, quickly created a fireball in the glittering of a heartbeat. With all her strength and magic, she hurled the fireball toward the beast, which was now lunging at the fleeing, waterbound prince. Her aim true, the fireborne missile struck the dragon in the face, causing it to scream and to roar in anguish. Face afire, the demon-beast dove madly into the lake in hopes of quenching the flames. As it crashed into the water it made huge waves, one of which carried Kile toward the pinnacle of rock, the one Jolo had been heading for. But the waves' speed was incredible. Without time to brace himself, the prince and the wave slammed violently into the pinnacle.

Viya gasped in horror. General Keefe cried out his lord's name. Prince Kile sank below the water's edge.

Kenneth Fernandez '84

George Huron '86

A Few Words on the Subject of Nonsense

erquenblee, skogogobugh, leegleeg,
penstzortz, elgeebleeb, orrgle
and
WAR

Agustin Fuentes '84

tears run down his pale cheeks
a cold shiver runs down his spine
he swallows hard, keeping his vomit down
he rubs his eyes and wipes his nose
he gasps and a desperate scream
escapes his mouth
he closes his eyes, trying to remember
he tries to remember the
momentary peace and solace it brings
he sobs as he starts banging his head
against the grafitti-covered brick wall
he stops, watching his blood trickle
down the wall
he licks his dry cracked lips and
gnashes his rotted teeth
wanting and wishing for death
a sure escape
suddenly his mutilated body shakes convulsively
his eaten mind stops functioning
his broken, black heart
beats no more
he feels no pain
he has finally escaped his tormented mind
he is dead. . .

Grace Paredes '84

Achievement

Anything that can be achieved,
By going nowhere,
Can be achieved
By doing nothing.

Martin Garza '85

Cold Asphalt

The Indians had things as close to a natural paradise as I think any race has ever come, so naturally we raped his land and pushed him out the door and onto the cold asphalt streets we built under him and sho ed him behind the brick walls we put around him. . . "GIVE THE LAND BACK TO THE INDIANS." White man speak with forked tongue; he is the serpent in the garden of Eden.

E. V. Martinez '85

Think Happy

Sitting, breathing, probing the
classroom wall,
I suddenly took notice of a poster
with a picture of a
joyous girl frolicking,
setting flowers free in the
wind.
It read, "Think Happy!"...
And I stared at it
and glared at it.
Then I thought (unhappily) ...
"Think happy!? Ha!
When the Firey Pit freezes over!"
So I stared, and glared, and stared
some more;
I watched it, examined it, analyzed it,
and concentrated furiously ...
It fell to the floor and began to crumple.
And with my utmost determination, power,
and hate,
I made it burn.
Little by little, the
edges began to brown.
Little by little, flames
crept to life
until the entire thought of happiness
burst into flames
and died.

Veronica Maldonado '85

John Rodriguez '84

Ordinary People--A Review

It was a great day for sailing, so Jordan, better known as Buck, and Conrad Jarrett, sons of Calvin and Beth Jarrett, decided that they would go out on their sailboat and enjoy themselves. As they were out sailing, the weather grew fierce. Most sailors would go in and dock their craft, but Buck and Conrad wanted to ride the storm out, against their better judgement. It was a bad choice to make, because the boat capsized.

Clinging to the hull of the capsized boat for over two hours, the two boys held on for their lives, until cold and fatigue took their toll. Buck, the older of the two, let go and went under. Conrad tried to reach for Buck's hand, but Buck was gone.

When Conrad was rescued, he and his parents stood on the dock and waited for some word on Buck. Conrad recalls crying over and over again, "I'm sorry!... I'm sorry!..." Finally, word came: Divers had found Buck's body; he had drowned. Calvin and Beth Jarrett had lost their older son. At this point in time, they had no idea that this unfortunate accident would lead to another tragedy which would tear their family apart, and almost take the life of their remaining son, Conrad.

"We were all so grief stricken... to the point where we were numb and couldn't feel anymore. We couldn't comprehend anything outside of the fact that our son was gone."

That is what Calvin Jarrett told me when I interviewed him and asked about feelings immediately after the funeral. As the Jarretts learned, life goes on.

Everything seemed to be going well and life was on its way back to normal for the Jarretts; as normal as possible with the absence of Buck. Suddenly, and seemingly without any forewarning, another tragedy occurred. Conrad tried to kill himself.

"We never had to worry about Conrad, because Buck was the one who would always misbehave. I should have been worrying. I wasn't even listening. Maybe I could've gotten a handle on it before it happened. Conrad says he didn't give any signals, but I still wonder," commented Mr. Jarrett.

Conrad locked himself in the bathroom and sliced deep, vertical cuts into both his wrists. When the door was finally opened, Conrad was lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood. There was blood on the towels, the walls, the mirror, the sink, and almost everywhere else. By looking at the cuts, a paramedic commented, "He meant business."

Conrad was taken to a hospital where he could recuperate physically and mentally. When Conrad was released from the hospital, he was recommended to Dr. T. C. Berger, M.D. for follow up sessions. "When Conrad first came to me," said Dr. Berger, "he told me that he wanted to be more in control so people would stop worrying about him; especially his father. He also mentioned the drowning." Conrad would not talk to Berger easily at first. He kept saying "I can't," but when he did speak, much came out.

"He started telling me that his mother hated him; that she wouldn't forgive him for being imperfect, and not normal, but through a 'Freudian Slip', we both realized who had to forgive whom. Conrad couldn't forgive his mother for not showing affection toward him."

A Freudian Slip is when the subconscious voices its feelings or thoughts by coming up to a conscious level through a certain action. In Conrad's case, it was a slip of the tongue.

At this point, we interviewed Conrad.

Gilbert: You're looking good, Conrad.

Conrad: Yeah, nothing like I did at the time after I returned home. I was edgy, and my hair was all messed up from the hospital, but it's grown back now.

Gilbert: What was your relationship with your mother like?

Conrad: My mom and I couldn't talk. She could never get into feelings or emotions because they seemed "messy" for her. She would rather ignore them.

Gilbert: Messy?

Conrad: Yeah. My mom always wanted things neat. My dad told me that she got mad because of the blood all over the bathroom. She said she cared, but she never showed it.

Gilbert: Do you think your mother hated you?

Conrad: Not really. The way I see it, she just couldn't love me.

Gilbert: How was it with your father?

Conrad: Oh, he worries a lot, always trying to be the best father he can be. We could talk about almost anything. We became closer.

So Conrad had a good relationship with his father but an edgy relationship with his mother. How does all of this relate back to the boating accident? We presented this question to Dr. Berger: "As it turns out, Mrs. Jarrett paid more attention to Buck than Conrad. Before the drowning there weren't any problems. Everything was neat. After the accident, Conrad felt a great deal of sadness for the loss of his brother and also a

deep feeling of guilt. After he tried to kill himself, the Jarretts' lives were really 'messed up'. The only way to return to some form of a normal family life is with tender, loving care and being able to talk about it. Mrs. Jarrett couldn't show caring and she couldn't talk about it, so naturally problems began to arise."

Mrs. Jarrett was isolated from her husband and son because she could not relate feelings or emotions. She would rather ignore feelings. Feeling very much out of place, Mrs. Jarrett left.

Gilbert: Do you miss your mom?

Conrad: I miss her presence, but other than that, not much. She's somewhere in Europe now. My dad and I are getting along okay.

Gilbert: What do you think of Dr. Berger?

Conrad: When I first met Berger, I thought he was a strange but okay guy. He helped a lot by telling me that control isn't everything. Session after session I would go and gradually he showed me how to feel again. He became my friend, and I don't know what I would've done without him.

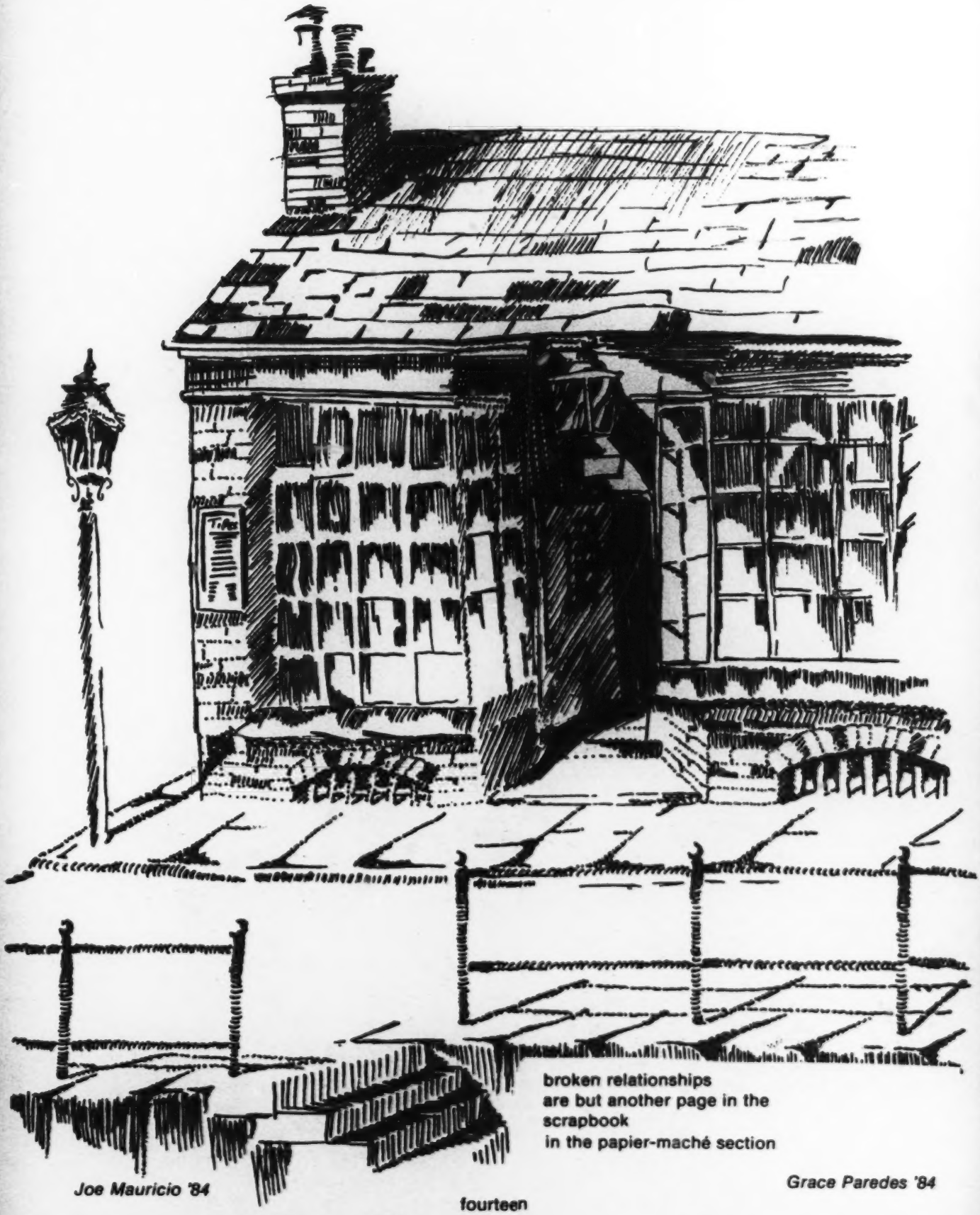
Gilbert: How do you feel about yourself?

Conrad: I feel good, but I've got to get back in the swing of things now that my head is clear. I think it was a "cop-out" to try to kill myself. I can take on problems now, because I'm not different from anyone else. I'll be fine... I'm optimistic.

That is the tale of the Jarretts: a family once strong and united, now torn apart, they aren't any different. They're just ordinary people.

Gilbert Medina '84

Jesse Barrera '85



broken relationships
are but another page in the
scrapbook
in the papier-maché section

Grace Paredes '84

Joe Mauricio '84

fourteen

The Beginning

As the pure white snow starts to fall it covers up
My disappointments and mistakes as if starting anew.

To have a new beginning is something I fantasize about,
To live and start my confused life again.

To laugh and relax with no burden on my mind,
To forget and let it fall is a hopeless fantasy.

My burden is heavy, to live is unbearable.
If to die were so easy.

But death is ever so complicated--
Not the act of dying but the blank knowledge of my destiny.

The snow has stopped and now is slowly melting, dying.
The beauty has faded, the remnants of hope and love have been crushed.

It symbolized rebirth and liberation, a new beginning.
My new beginning slowly dies before my eyes and in my soul.

I realize that hope is gone.
Warm tears of despair start to fall.

As I kneel there in the melted snow a sigh escapes me.
I look to find the empty beginning

I once held,
Now gone,
Never again to return.

Grace Paredes '84

She hangs heavy like the fog,
permeating my thoughts,
my very being.
Rekindled flames,
flames kept alive by miserable memories,
burn rampant in his heart.
She hangs heavy like the fog,
because she is on his mind,
because he is in my thoughts.

Lori Grant '84

Why Do You Always Run to Me?

It never fails, you always call
When you lose somebody and start to fall.
What I really don't understand,
and it might be mean,
But why do you always run to me?
I don't remember what I used to do
But now things are changed.
I won't jump for you.
You see, I've given you choices and chances.
But you'd have to be here for me,
I don't share romances.
I really don't know what to think--or say.
The way you would come and go, as if it were a game.
Why do you always run to me?
Do you think I'd satisfy your needs?
Well, I'm sorry, I have to say
I might have before, but things have changed.
So don't be surprised, next time you call,
I won't be there to catch your fall.

JoAnn Rosas '85

Someone for Me?

The world today, the problems we see--
We take the steps to face reality.
Are we alone in a world so cruel,
Or is some one there to fight the duel?

Coming to grips with things we face;
Instead we live alone in silent disgrace.
Alone at times with no one to care--
Is someone out there, someone to share?

Being young and growing old,
The truths about death leave you cold.
One to love and one to adore.
Lasts only a while, and then no more.

One night parades, all happy and gay--
The hours are spent, and then it's day.
Alone again and realizing I see
Is someone out there to care for me?

Michelle McDonald '86

The Battle

The child waits alone,
Frightened
Glancing about
He finds nothing.
Darkness envelopes him.
The battle commences.
There is no visible escape
From the fate which awaits.
The child feels what will be
Must be.
But should he forge one last attempt
To alter his fate?
Dare he assert his control
Over his own life?
Is a victory possible?
Alas, no,
For he is tired.
Closing his eyes,
He surrenders to the darkness
And the doom it holds.
The battle, never quite begun,
Is lost.
It is, indeed
A modern tragedy.

Angelina La Penotiere '86

Why?

She almost succeeded
They caught her in the nick of time.
"Why didn't they just let me be?"
She wondered.
The sirens were ringing.
The ambulance rushing on ahead.
She had visions of her life passing before her
And of her parents being dead.
She wished for what she could not have,
At least not from those close to her.
When they asked
"Why did you do it?"
She replied,
"Only to get your attention."

Yolanda Garcia '84

The Human Kind

We seem to forget the simple things in life
Buried in our daily strife
Confusing thoughts of worldly matters
Torn apart by swelling indecision
We only see half the vision
(If we're lucky)
Busy, busy, business. . .
That's all you seem to be
Working from dusk to dawn
Filling the gaps of time,
Without thoughts of simple kind
Anacin 3 for the distraught mind.
Can you feel your heart?
No, because the Boss took it out,
Or was that your wife?
No matter now, we have no time
For simple thoughts of
the Human Kind.

Ralph Ellison '84

oh baby
don't cry anymore
i know you're
hurting so very much
don't worry
mommy still
loves you
though she may
scream and hurt
you sometimes
it's just because
she can't handle
motherhood
she's all alone
mommy was a baby too
one fatal mistake
and her youth was
snatched away
so alive and beautiful
yet now
mommy is so bitter
so confused
so angry at the world
oh baby don't cry
i'm sure mommy loves you

Grace Paredes '84

The Starry-Eyed Cat

The Starry-Eyed Cat has a peculiar nature.

He lives alone
He sleeps alone
He eats alone
He passes time by watching and listening
to all that is said and done

He knows the every sin of man
but does nothing to change them

He looks out his window
and through starry eyes he sees
the bombs of men dropping children
to their knees
Children are killed before they are men
And the Starry-Eyed Cat does not
one thing to save them

He listens at a keyhole to hear
people's whispers and dreams,
but instead his silver ears hear
tortured men's screams

Men cry in agony when they lose
their soul
or their pride
or their wife
or their skin
or their life

The Starry-Eyed Cat could call out
to save these poor creatures
but he knows his words
would not be heard

The Starry-Eyed Cat stretches his back
and leans forward once more.
He hopes for the sounds that men adore
A cry of laughter; not pain
An act of praise; not punishment
The Cat knows joy is heaven-sent
And when men came to power,
gods went

The Starry-Eyed Cat sees men smile
through their pain.
His silver ears hear men laugh in the
storming rain.
He wonders what they are hiding,
but he knows.
He always knew.

Man is hiding his fear and his pain
He covers the fear with flowers
And the pain is lost in memories past.
How long can these lives last?

Man lies about his troubles
And hides the past from his friends
He cannot tell the truth
until the world ends.

Men live for no reason but to believe
their own wrongful lies
We believe we are kings with queens
for wives
We believe our kingdoms are guarded
and our treasures are safe
We believe our children are strong
and our wives full of faith
We have no reason to believe the truth,
because the truth is a lie,
but we'll believe our own lies
until the day we die.

The Starry-Eyed Cat knows the truth
of man, but will never speak it.
He could offer us the key to Heaven
(or Hell, whichever you prefer)
but he knows we would take it.
Just wait till he arrives
and ask him a question
so that he may deny it.
If you see him,run for your life.
You might win at his game,
but why try it?

E. V. Martinez '85

Anthony Cmielewski '84

Optimist

There once lived two world super-powers
Who spent billions on arming their towers:
Till one dark, tragic day,
By pure accident they say,
They were roasted by nuclear showers.

Now the earth is as cold as can be,
And the sky is so dark I can't see.
Well, it's tragic, I guess,
That they've made such a mess,
But at least from their threats now I'm free.

Veronica Maldonado '85

The Morning of the Invasion of Grenada, Fighting in Beirut, and The Trig Quiz

Screaming, dying, calling out in pain
listen to the teacher, she's giving notes
Gunfire, rockets, exploding shells
answer the questions in trig, English, and chemistry
Blood rushing
pencils and paper
What's going on?

Agustin Fuentes '84

Louis Cardenas '85

Waves of Fire

I am running
    wishing to escape from all I see.
I cannot find a door
    or any place to hide.
I must stand and fight.
As I stand and prepare myself
The lights go out
And I am murdered at midnight.

I awake and find the light I need
To see what dangers made me bleed.
I stare forth at my killer
And he has seen me.
He is terrified by my sight
For his name is mine
And he murdered himself at midnight
For the thousandth time.

The image fades.

Beyond the years I see a field
A green pasture as peaceful as can be.
I know I must reach the edge.
My life has seen this goal before.
Eternal peace is what I crave
But I know I'll only find it in my grave.
I run forward past the trees.
I head for the forestry
And find myself in mystery.
I'm standing on a dark, dark road
Still wanting the peace that I crave.
I look into the cemetery on this road
And I see my name on every grave.
I found the eternal peace I crave.

I run from this evil place.
I don't wish to be trapped...
I must find a way to escape this place.
I turn the corner, running blindly.
A man cries out and darkness covers me.
The face of the man who stabbed me
    is the last thing I will ever see.
And again the killer--my killer--is me.

I arise from the darkness and
I can barely speak a word.
I yell a curse against my soul
But all my words are never heard.

I stand up on my own two feet
And I wonder where to run.
I know wherever I will turn
I will see a killer who loves no one
    and he will kill me.

I close my eyes and stand still.
I refuse to run and hide in vain.
As I stand refusing to die
I feel my heart stop again.

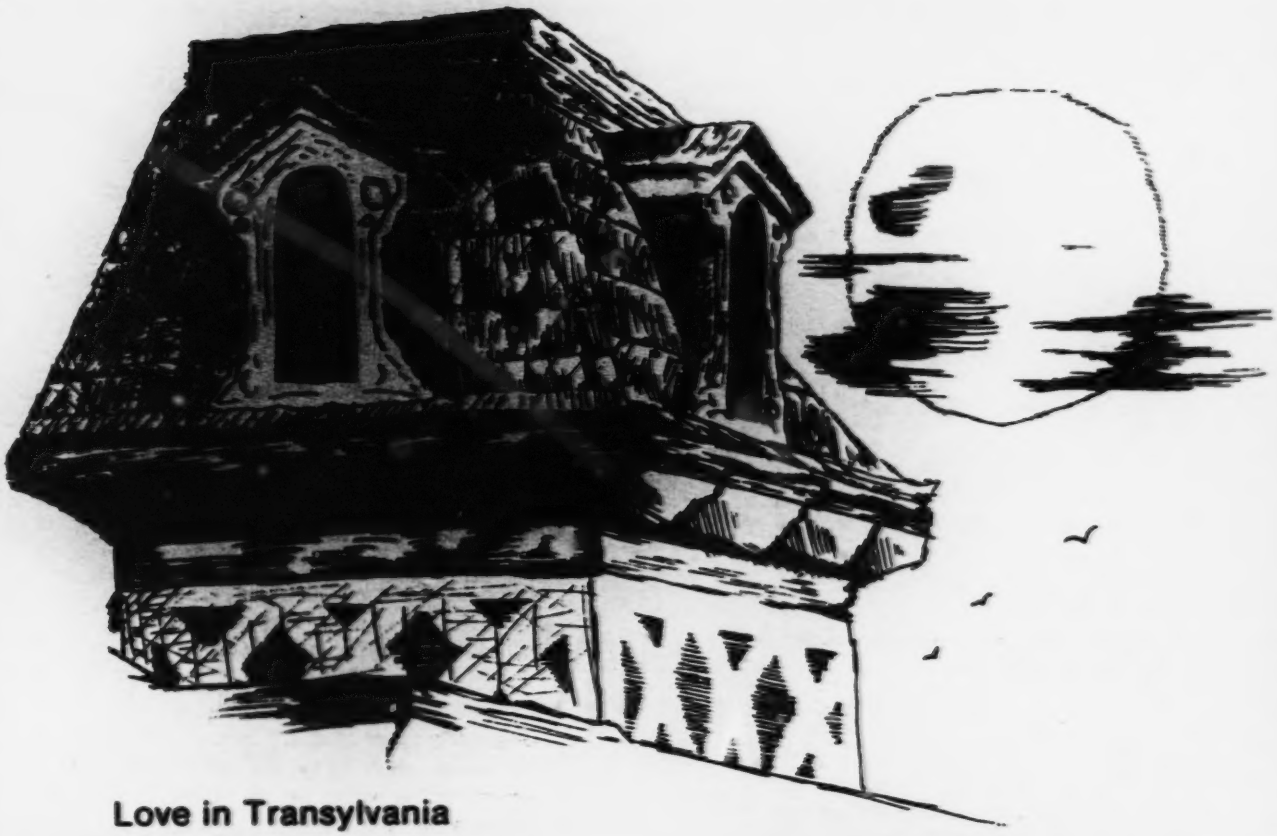
I fall back upon the road
And I feel my body begin to float,
I open my eyes as water covers me.
I swim to the surface to be saved
And miles of water is all I see.

I cannot escape my death,
I begin the swim that will end my life
And cause water to fill my last breath.
I swim for the life as far as I can.
I will not die this time.
I'll live my life as I wish and I'll
    swim until I find a safe place to lie.
I can see a boat in the distance.
I can hear music and laughter and dance.
I swim for the ship that I see but
As I reach for it, it leaves me.
My last hope, the Ship of Life,
Disappears and leaves me behind.
I start to sink and swim down
To see what kind of death I can find.

When I awake I am upon a beach.
I can see hotels and motels
And restaurants of style.
I see cars and people
And buildings reaching to the sky,
And I see a bomb hit the ground
And people start to scream and die

Waves of fire rush at me
And burning death is the last,
    the very last thing I see.

E. V. Martinez '85



Love in Transylvania

Hellena and her escort, hired by her father to escort her to his new estate, ride their steeds along a dark road in Transylvania. Her escort, Vladimir, warns her of the dangerous countryside, but she takes his instructions lightly. Vladimir was hired because of his fearless reputation. Hellena's father knew much of the dangers of riding through Transylvania. Their journey to his estate would take one night through the evil countryside.

Their horses became skittish and refused to stay quiet. They had to struggle with the reins to keep the horses moving. Growls and footfalls could be heard as something moved parallel to them in the woods. The horses reared and threw their riders as the predator leapt from the woods. The horses turned and bolted down the road as Hellena landed in front of the beast. The werewolf was less than six feet away from her. Hellena screamed, naturally. Vlad dove onto the wolf as soon as he could and drew his dagger. As the wolf turned and slashed him across the chest, he deflected its jaws with his silver blade. At the taste of silver the beast winced in pain. Vladimir slashed the werewolf across the throat, and it fell dead. The wolf changed back into his naked, human form.

Vlad and Hellena began walking down the road. They had no place else to go. Hellena began to whine about the dreary conditions and Vlad began to walk faster to avoid her detestable voice. In her efforts to keep up with Vlad's steady pace, she stumbled and fell face first into the mud at the roadside. She whined even more as Vlad began walking her down the road.

Hellena asked him if he had killed many of those creatures. Vlad said that he had killed many werewolves, including his father and many close friends. He had been scratched many times, but never bitten. Hellena's father knew about Vlad's expensive skill and courage, and that was the only reason he hired him. Vlad had never met Hellena's father.

They soon came to an inn where they would stay the night. Vlad did not like the decrepit look of the old fiend who overcharged them for an underfurnished room. There was only one bed which Hellena gladly accepted. Vlad chose to stay up the night for fear of the fiend downstairs. Vlad began to roam the halls. The inn was quite small with six empty rooms plus their room and a stairway that led to the attic and the cellar.

On the ground floor he found an eight year old boy who was quite knowledgeable about the countryside and the events of the past few years. Vlad asked about the old man who was the innkeeper. The child said that he was his grandfather, but Vlad felt that this was not quite true. The child said his father had died at the hands of the vampire years before. The child began to tell him a macabre tale about how the countryside nearby was almost deserted because of all the trouble people had had to face in the past. Night creatures, diseases, and mad vandals were mild inhabitants of the woods.

The young child darted up the stairs. Three seconds later, Vlad heard a scream. He was not sure from where he heard Hellena's voice. Vlad looked, and at the top of the stairs he saw the evil old man holding Hellena by the hair. The vampire obviously had evil plans for her. When he was halfway up the stairs, the monster pulled a concealed rope and the staircase collapsed into splinters of wood. Lying on his back in a pile of wood, Vlad saw the beast leap into the air, fangs gleaming. Vlad barely had time to jab a large splinter into the monster's heart. The beast died, collapsing onto Vlad.

He climbed the wall where the staircase had been and found Hellena at the top of the stairs. He wanted her to be under his care and guard for the rest of their lives. He told her how much he loved her and the plans he had for their future. He turned her around to face him. She seemed to be in a state of shock. As he moved to kiss her, she sank her teeth into his throat. Vlad screamed, choked, and fell to his knees. She drained his body and felt him die.

She went down and pulled the stake from the beast's heart. The wound did not bleed, and the beast rose to his feet.

"Hello, Father," she said.

The child ran to their sides and the entire family was now in their new estate.

Eric V. Martinez '85

Artist: John Rodriguez '84

The Marriage Made in Heaven

The clock in the town square proclaimed midnight as the ominous clouds concealed the moon. The wind, no longer a gentle breeze, threatened to destroy anything that dared to stand in its way. The girl, struggling against the force, wrapped her coat tightly around her. Doubts and fears began to invade her thoughts, but she quickly banished them. Strong determination took their place. She must not give up. She had been planning and perfecting her plan for months. She had come too far now to quit.

As the girl ran towards the outskirts of the small European village, she relived in her mind that awful day one year ago when her parents informed her of whom she was to marry. He was arrogant, selfish, and extremely insensitive, but he was rich. To her parents, that was all that mattered. "After all," they told her, "why would you want to be happy when you could be rich?"

According to her parents and the rest of the village people, it was a marriage made in heaven.

In the days and months that followed, the girl tried to make her parents understand that she could not possibly marry a man she didn't love. However, all her begging and pleading were just ignored. She had to escape. She could not and would not spend the rest of her life bound to a man whom she despised. So, the girl, being very clever, had devised a perfect plan. She would consent to the marriage and behave exactly how a bride-to-be was expected to behave. Above all, she didn't want to arouse suspicion. Then, the night before the wedding was supposed to occur, she would flee from her home to the ocean and stow away on a ship headed for the New World. No one would be able to find her; no one would force her into an unwanted marriage. She would be free at last.

A booming blast of thunder shook the girl back into the present. Driving rain began to fall as she neared the coast. She ran harder, fell in the mud, got up, and struggled on. She must not be late. She had to reach the ship before it departed, stealing her freedom away. Brilliant streaks of lightning brightened the sky as she searched desperately for the ship. In spite of the cold wind and freezing rain, she began to sweat. She felt a throbbing pain creep through her body as bitter tears streamed down her face. She watched her only hope of freedom, of happiness, of life itself, glide through the waves and disappear into eternity.

The next day when the church bells rang, the church was full and overflowing. Everyone had come out to see the marriage made in heaven.

Sherrie Hoofard '84

Perry Garcia '85

Babe in Your Arms

He was born
And put in your arms.
The first few months went well.
Then suddenly
You changed
You grew impatient.
He didn't ask to be born,
He didn't deserve this
As his chastisement.
It got to be too much--
One day
You went a little too far.
He was put in your arms again,
Only dead now.

Yolanda Garcia '84

The phone rang--
"Lord, please don't let it be. . ."
    The terrified look on my father's face
told me, yes, it had happened.
My soul was suddenly plucked away,
    it seemed--
My shrieks of despair, of emptiness,
    of helplessness
    echoed throughout the house,
    bouncing off the walls.
It was night time--
Death had come, and I had not said
        goodbye. . .

Lori Grant '84

A Leisurely Stroll to the Dioxin Forest

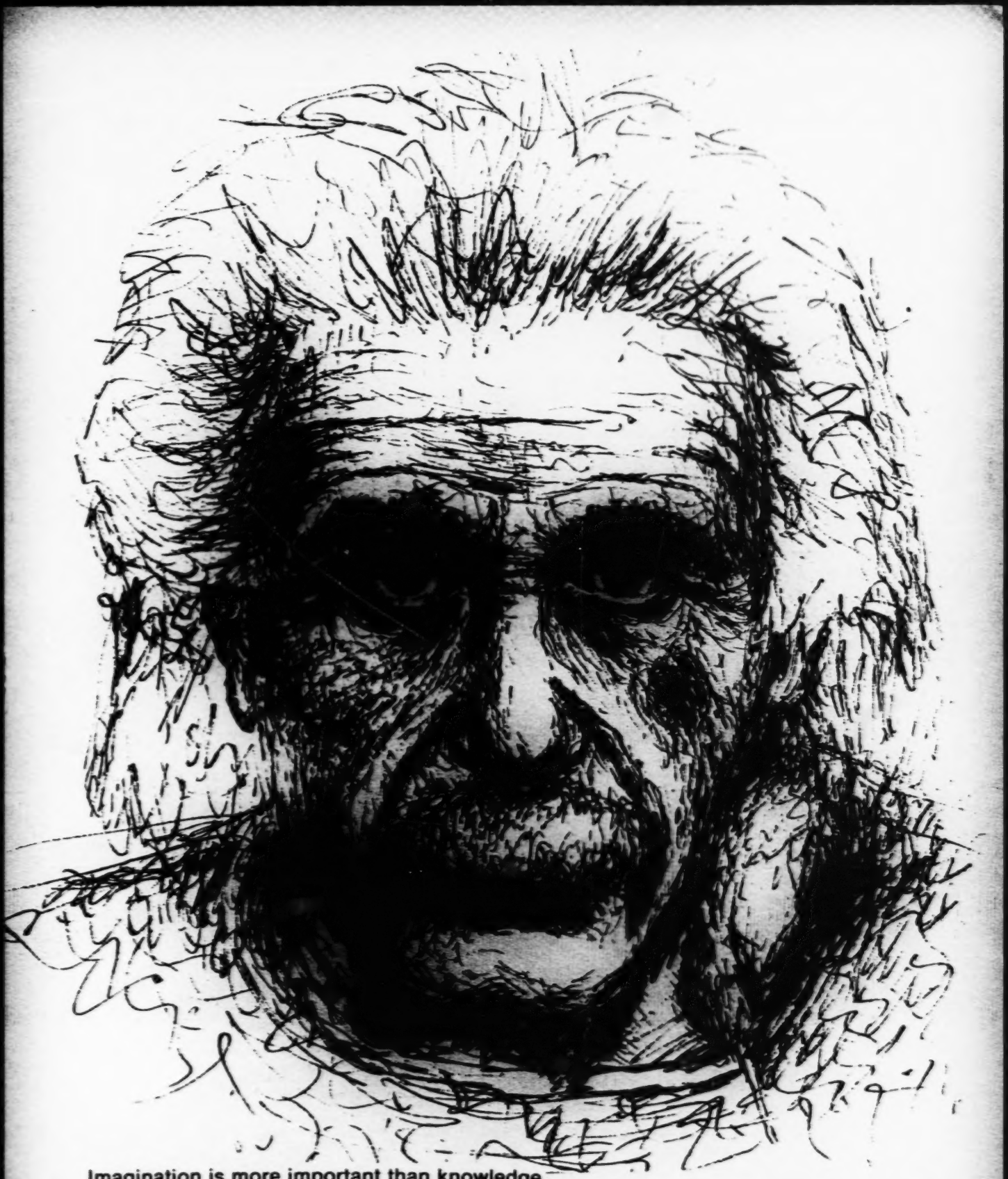
The day was beautiful. The red mushroom cloud reflected off the purple sun, the last remnants of the ozone layer were falling over Alaska. I decided to take a walk. Down through the radioactively contaminated fields, the grey grass billowing in the poisonous wind, towards the dioxin forest, I went. The smell of chemically tainted sewage filled the air, and a light sprinkle of acid rain fell. A beautiful mutated bunny hopped across my path, looked up, and dropped dead. I passed the river and stood a while to watch the silver-black foam and dead fish float by. Ah, it was a beautiful day.

Agustin Fuentes '84

War is Peace
Freedom is Slavery
Ignorance is Strength

— *George Orwell*
1984

Gilbert Cardenas '84



Imagination is more important than knowledge.

— Albert Einstein

Gilbert Cardenas '84

The Journey

As I sit here, peering into your eyes,
I am taken on a journey past all those lies.
I have a question that you'll not answer,
So I seek the truth in you--I am the mind dancer.
As I enter upon your gaze, I ride,
I see all of you as I glance from side to side.
Wondrous thoughts that spiral about.
Tilting emotions of love and doubt.
But onward ever onward I will go
Until I find what I must know.
Winding and turning and going about
You are an amazing girl, I have no doubt.
Through your memories of times that you've lied,
Times that we have touched and times that
we've cried
Now I am outside, your answer in my heart.
It is as I believed right from the start.
You are a girl like so many I know,
Who believes it unreal when true feelings show.
Your loving smile is not easy to hide,
The loving feelings you feel deep inside.
Why can't you show me exactly what you feel?
For it is not fair when true feelings I steal.
They are feelings that are truly there.
I know the answer now. . . I know that you care.

Federico R. Ng '84

Thoughts
Feelings
Ideals
Criticisms
Together, bound by paper,
The minds of the young
Pouring the magic over the pages.
Our future bound by words
Intertwined. . .
EACH HAS SPOKEN

Agustin Fuentes '84

One Life

One life is just one minute
in the great vast span of time.
One life goes through an experience
and passes it down the line.

The minute is made of problems
whose solutions are found inside,
but the solutions are sometimes avoided
as the seeker tries to hide.

The seeker must always face the truth
for unless the seeker does,
the present life of happiness
will become a life that was.

Feelings of love cannot be faked--
fantasies are not real.
When a fantasy is all that's at stake,
hurt is all you'll feel.

Life isn't lived in fantasy;
this is learned in time.
The knowledge is stored in seekers' minds
and passed on down the line.

Gilberto Medina '84

Mother

Her soft amber eyes
glisten in my memory,
slowly soothing my anger.
She is gone now,
but her memory is still mine--
thoughts of yesterday and her laughter
dance in my mind,
making me smile,
drying my tears.
Her heart that touched so many
now beats in mine.
Here, beauty and love grow,
because she planted them.
Her song still echoes in my heart.
Her smile still shines on my face.
Her love now sparkles in my eyes.

Lori Grant '84

Severing the bonds of security
That lie between a father and child
Each not wanting to let go
Yet, knowing that the bonds must be broken
Not the bond of love
For that is everlasting
But, the connection of lives
That must, at one point, disengage
And disperse into a pool of understanding.

Veronica Ybarra '84

My Closet

My closet will look plain to you,
But not at all to me;
My closet may look empty,
But there's so much that I can see.
I took a magic journey there,
I took so very long,
But in your eyes it seemed a second,
But, oh, you're very wrong.
For I go places you'd never go,
And hear things you can't see,
For my closet that I have, my friend,
Is made for only me.

Yvette Keplinger '84

The Kitten

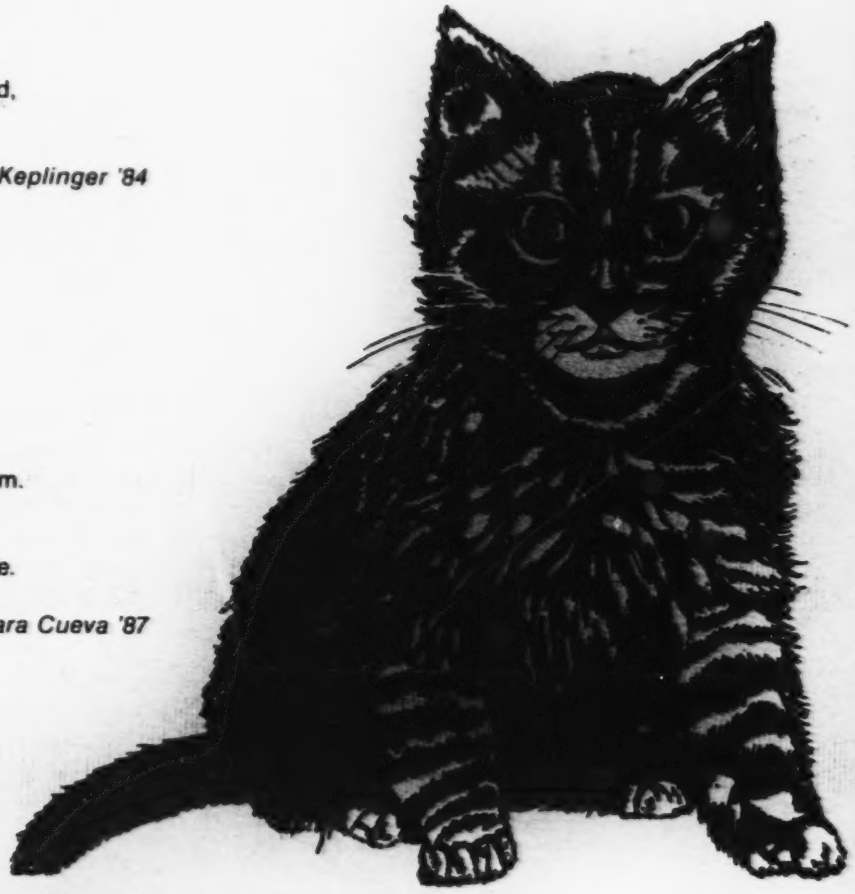
Warm,
Cuddly,
Innocent and sincere,
Playful, curious,
Anxious and mischievous,
Unknowing of the world around him.
Sensitive and loving,
Gentle and caring,
Proof that the naive can too survive.

Clara Cueva '87

A Poem, I Think

"I think I'll write a poem."
Great thought, right?
What is a poem. . .
Well, it's not animal, vegetable or mineral.
You can see it and hear it, and
If it's good, you can even feel it.
I've heard poems called "windows
To the soul," and I've heard them
Called "trash."
Can a poem calm me? some
Can a poem anger me? some
Can a poem bore me? some
This is confusing.
All I want to know is
What is a poem?
You?
Me?
Yes, you!

Agustin Fuentes '84



Chris Lanctot '87

Among his friends a smile is wrought
The need for time a constant thought
Within a mind so bright and dark
The world revolves without a talk

The feelings are innumerable
The heart is assailable
An open wound within the soul
A life is lived among the long dead

The desire for happiness pervades all else
But when is there not happiness among the alone
People surround him in all shapes and forms
The loneliness comes from within his own soul

His life has the triumphs, it's not all despair
God lives beside him in infinite care
So why not the smile that broadened before
A constant question for all that are there

Often he wonders on through the night
But always is summoned by the beautiful light
Life can be his in all its vast realm
The smile will come just like the sun

Victor Herrera '84

Someone

When you're with someone
Who cares about
The things you try to do
Someone you can confide
Your deepest thoughts
And feelings to
When you're with someone
You trust in
Never needing to pretend
Someone who helps
You know yourself. . .
You know you're with a friend.

Johanna Thornton '86

Reach for the golden sunshine,
Capture the silvery wind
Pick daisies from a garden
And give a happy grin.
For life is of beauty
To share, to love, and behold.
Never waste its goodness,
It has to give us all.

Yvette Keplinger '84

Not as Before

All of the feelings and emotions
I used to feel
are gone.
There are others in our lives now,
But they will never mean so much.
You were special
And still are,
For you see,
Other feelings for you fill me now.
I love you.
Not as before,
But in another very special way.
I can confide in you,
Trust you,
And care for you
As I can no other.
I know your insecurities, fears
and weaknesses
As you know mine.
Your happiness is very important to me,
For I love you
As a friend.

Johanna Thornton '86

My Princess

You're my Princess in a castle
That I adore
You're my Princess in a castle
With guards at your door.

Oh, I wish you would take a step outside
And look what you might see
Oh, could you imagine my Princess,
Imagine what it might be.

Oh, a flower would blossom
At the feel of your touch
Oh, a rose could die
By a look in your eyes.

But every Princess has a Prince
Standing by her side
But we might never know
If he is the true Prince in her eye.

So I wait and wait
And look and see
And I hope my Princess.
Will find the Love of me.

Roland San Miguel '84

twenty-nine

Lawrence Chapa '87

If Wishes Could Make Dreams Come True

for Terri Perez

Lovely Lady with skyblue eyes
Cast your gaze my way
I'm waiting to waste an afternoon with you
Or any hour from any day.

Come walk with me on my path
Come with me and waste some time
'Cause you walk through life with such style
And your smile pleases me more than fine wine.

Have I lived my life in search of you?
A pirate would hunt the Seven Seas
Over and again for anything of your value
And you know I truly treasure you.

I will not try to deceive you
By saying you are the one I love
But next to the rest you stand next to
I hold you high above
Shining star of taste and class.
It's your style I dearly love.

An artist's conception of beauty
One who knows life is worth living
A sentimental fool you could make of me
I wish I had much more worth giving.

I'd love to capture your attention
And be entirely greedy with it.
I could stay and stare into your eyes
And never even begin to regret it.

Such style and beauty is rarely seen
Except by dreamers like me
Who like to form their own dreams
And splice reality with fantasy.

I'd love to cross our paths together
And block all barriers between,
Keeping the two of us isolated.
You could be my life's dream.

I want to keep you a prisoner.
A prisoner who is free?
A lady who lives her life her way,
But is near when I need her to be.

I regret I've learned to live life alone
And that you must always run free
The style I love runs this way--
Quick, wild, and free.

I want your hands on my shoulders
And your voice in my ear
As we dance together at midnight
Holding each other near and dear.

There's so much more to tell you
But I believe you've heard it all before
I want you to know when you are here
My heart stands like an open door.

Just run and laugh with me
And don't walk away too quickly
Because, despite all I've ever said or written,
You still don't know how much you mean to me.

E. V. Martinez '85

Jesse Guitron '86

thirty-two

Gilbert Cardenas '84

THE RULES OF COURTLY LOVE

(Adapted for 20th Century Romance)

To share pain increases love.

Curtis Culberson '84

Always be willing to talk of problems,
not just forget them.

Russell Henarie '84

When searching for love, never let the
whisperings of your heart drown out
the warnings from your mind.

Sherrie Hoofard '84

Love cannot be one-sided.

Anna Rosa '84

Love does not insist on its own way.

Sylvia Niño '84

Love is equal opportunities for each
other's privacy, work, and social life.

Seberino Regalado '84

If you and your love fight, don't be
stubborn and refuse to talk about it.

Melissa Delgado '84

Love a person for what he is, not what
you want him to be.

Irma Cevallos '84

Do not expect perfection from your
love; you will be sadly mistaken.

Becky King '84

Let love grow in new ways.

Pat Segrest '84

A woman willing to do everything her
man says is a woman who can't think
for herself.

Melinda Gonzales '84

If you must lie about love, you must
also have a good memory.

Jimmy Amaya '84

Don't make a show of your love in public.

Tracy Pond '84

One for the Queen

Guinevere
Kind and dear
Blush of rose
Hair so red
Hanging from
Her gentle head
Eyes soft brown
Beneath her crown. . .

Why aren't you here
Queen Guinevere?
It's history
A mystery
That's locked you up in time.

Guinevere
I shed a tear
And wonder in my sorrow,
But where there's love
There's also life
And I look to tomorrow.

And Guinevere,
Do kindly peer
Across that stretch of time,
And see me here
Writing this silly rhyme.

David Gillian '86

As they came within sight of the plantation, surrounded by vast fields of tobacco, Jeremy sorely wished he was home. He thought back to the time, only a few weeks before, when he first enlisted in the Union army to fight back the rebels. He lied about his age to get in, and he succeeded even though he was two years too young to join legally. His first assignment had been to General Bradley's Third Infantry Corps, and he had been sent on a reconnaissance mission deep into the rebels' territory to spy on a large body of their troops. Their command platoon of 100 men was taken by surprise on the return journey, and all were killed by the rebels, except Jeremy, the general, and Jeremy's sergeant, Sergeant Carter. The general now carried in his mind information vital to the Union defense at their next battle, but he was badly injured by enemy fire, and they decided to hide in this plantation until help could arrive.

They crossed through the huge fields of once prosperous tobacco plants, now most of which were cut up or burned, until they reached the vast veranda of the plantation house. Sergeant Carter supported the General while Jeremy thumped on the door. Presently, it was answered by an elderly black man in a white servant's jacket. He looked out at the bedraggled soldiers, then turned and called into the house.

"Miss Eleanor, it's them Yankee soldiers again."

Soon a fiery-eyed girl in a red silk dress with many hoops and petticoats came stalking up to the door. She took one glance at the unwanted visitors and immediately cried, "Get out! Go away! You already came by here and destroyed everything, so now why don't you just go away and leave us alone?"

The General drew himself up as best he could, then looked calmly at Eleanor and said, "Ma'am. I hereby pronounce this house confiscated, the slaves freed, and all suspected rebel sympathizers under arrest. We will stay at this house until such time as we are ready to leave."

His last phrase ended in a sputtering wheeze as he almost fell over from his wound, but the sergeant caught him. At this, Eleanor looked like she was about to explode with rage and indignation, but just when she was about to speak, a feminine hand on her shoulder stayed her. Then the owner of the hand stepped into the doorway. She was a stunningly beautiful girl who looked exactly like Eleanor, yet strangely different. For as much as Eleanor looked indignant and angry, so did she look beautiful and virtuous. She looked at the men on the porch and said to Eleanor calmly, "Why are you yelling, Eleanor? Can't you see these kind gentlemen need help?"

"Kind gentlemen?" burst Eleanor. "These men sacked and burned our plantation and freed our slaves, and you want to help them?"

Eleanor's sister ignored her and turned to the black servant. "Chester, would you be so kind as to show these gentlemen to their rooms and get them something to eat? They will be staying with us."

"Yes, Miss Ellen," murmured the servant, and he led the men off. Eleanor opened her mouth to speak, but then seeing her arguments would be to no avail, she closed her mouth and stalked off.

The next morning, the General seemed better, so Sergeant Carter went north to get help, leaving Jeremy in charge of taking care of the General. In the days that followed, Jeremy grew to like Ellen more and more. She acted like a perfect hostess, as if he and the General were visiting dignitaries instead of the ones who destroyed her home. But as much as he liked Ellen, he disliked Eleanor, her twin sister.

Eleanor was always sulking about, mumbling about "damn yankees," and often speaking openly against the Union. Jeremy liked Chester, though, the loyal former slave now turned butler, cook, and housekeeper. He was tactful and clever, and always ready with a golden tidbit of advice.

The General seemed to be getting better, and help couldn't be far away. Everything seemed to be looking up, until one night when Eleanor said a bad remark about President Lincoln at dinner. The General made a rebuttal, and an argument ensued. Soon their words grew harsh and heated, and the argument ended with Eleanor flying out of the room in a rage, knocking over furniture as she went. Unfortunately, during the argument, the General had unknowingly let slip the fact that he had information vital to the Union. That night, Eleanor determined to have her revenge.

After everyone had gone to sleep, she slipped quietly out into the tobacco fields. She walked until she reached a certain place where a certain plant, a variety of the deadly nightshade, grew. She picked several of the deadly love apples, and made her way back to the house.

The next morning, when Chester wasn't looking, she poured a small vial of the love apple juice

into the General's breakfast. She then retired to her room. As she lay in her room after breakfast, she gazed idly out the window. She had already double checked to make sure the General had eaten his whole breakfast, and was expecting him to die at any moment. Suddenly, she saw something that made her panic. She saw a Union patrol coming to get the General. She knew they would know she had poisoned him, and decided not to be taken alive. She went to her writing desk and hastily scratched a note. She then pulled out the pistol kept in the desk, put the barrel in her mouth, and pulled the trigger. . .

About a hundred years later, little Amy was digging through an old trunk in her attic. Her parents had just told her a story about how her great-grandfather Jeremy had helped to bring General Bradley alive back to the Union, then married her great-grandmother Ellen. As she dug through the old trunk, she came across a scrap of paper, torn, and yellowed with age. She squinted to make out the words in the dim light. The note said, "I did it. I killed the general and I'm glad. Maybe it will help us to win the war. I gave him the deadly juice of the love apple. But I'm not going to be taken alive."

The note was signed "Eleanor" at the bottom. Amy, curious about this mysterious love apple, went downstairs and looked it up in the dictionary. The dictionary said, "love apple—a tropical American variety of the potato plant, once thought to be highly poisonous. Common name, tomato."

Tom Greene '85

Gilbert Cardenas '84

Fallen Angel

In the world of today
Will die yesterday's heroes.
Searching for the leading light,
Youth finds brick walls and an abyss
In this solitaire of less and less.

In Spring, nature comforts the tears
Of scraped knees and lost hope,
But forsakes the dying aspirations,
For dreams weren't meant to die.
Break out, dream again, and fly
and fly
and fly

Ralph Hernandez '85

Mike Aguilar '84

A Nightmare

"Help me! Help me!"
I declare!
For in the summer I despair
The sick disease this world must bear:
There's roaches, roaches everywhere!

They're squashed on every other stair.
The large winged ones are in the air.
Don't lift that shoe! One's *always* there!
My God! This insect isn't fair!

To eat at school, I do not dare,
For when I do, it's not too rare
To find a roach upon my chair.
I stand to scream, "One's on my pear!"
I faint with fright; it climbs my hair.

At 6:00, McNeil and Lehrer
Stand up and cry with utmost flare,
"Why doesn't Congress seem to care
About this tragic damned affair:
The Cockroach World Invasion Scare!!
While they sit calm and debonair,
We sit here fearing this nightmare!
Oh, have they no more help to spare!"
And with this, they went off the air.

This situation, I declare,
Has taken toll way over there,
Where mean old ugly Mrs. Glare
Will only rock and sit and stare,
While roaches scurry through her hair.

So help me, I again declare,
Once more in summer I'll despair
The sick disease this world must bear:
ROACHES CREEPING EVERYWHERE!!!

Veronica Maldonado '85

A Cricket's Concert

Summer melodies
Found only after dark
Who plays this queer little tune?
And where is the musician hiding?
Lying in my bed, I wonder. . .
So many questions in my mind.
Who writes these songs?
Am I the only one who hears them?
It's our little secret,
This invisible musician and me.
And I drift off to sleep
As his concert goes on.

Lisa Evans '85

A Fond Farewell

Goodbye, my friend.

Shall I swing upon your branches?
Would that bring to you joy,
To have a child swing upon your
Branches once more?

Shall I dance for you, my friend?
Shall I dance before you with the
gentle breeze, and your leaves,
which lie upon the soft ground?
Will that bring peace to your
warm-hearted soul?

Shall I give to thee a kiss, my friend?
Will that cheer you?
To have a child love you again?

Shall I sing to you, my friend?
A song that will make you feel as
though it were spring?
Will that bring you to life once more?

Perhaps, my friend, I shall
write a poem of you,
To share your beauty with the world,
to have a child write her love for you
Will that bring a smile to your heart
one last time?

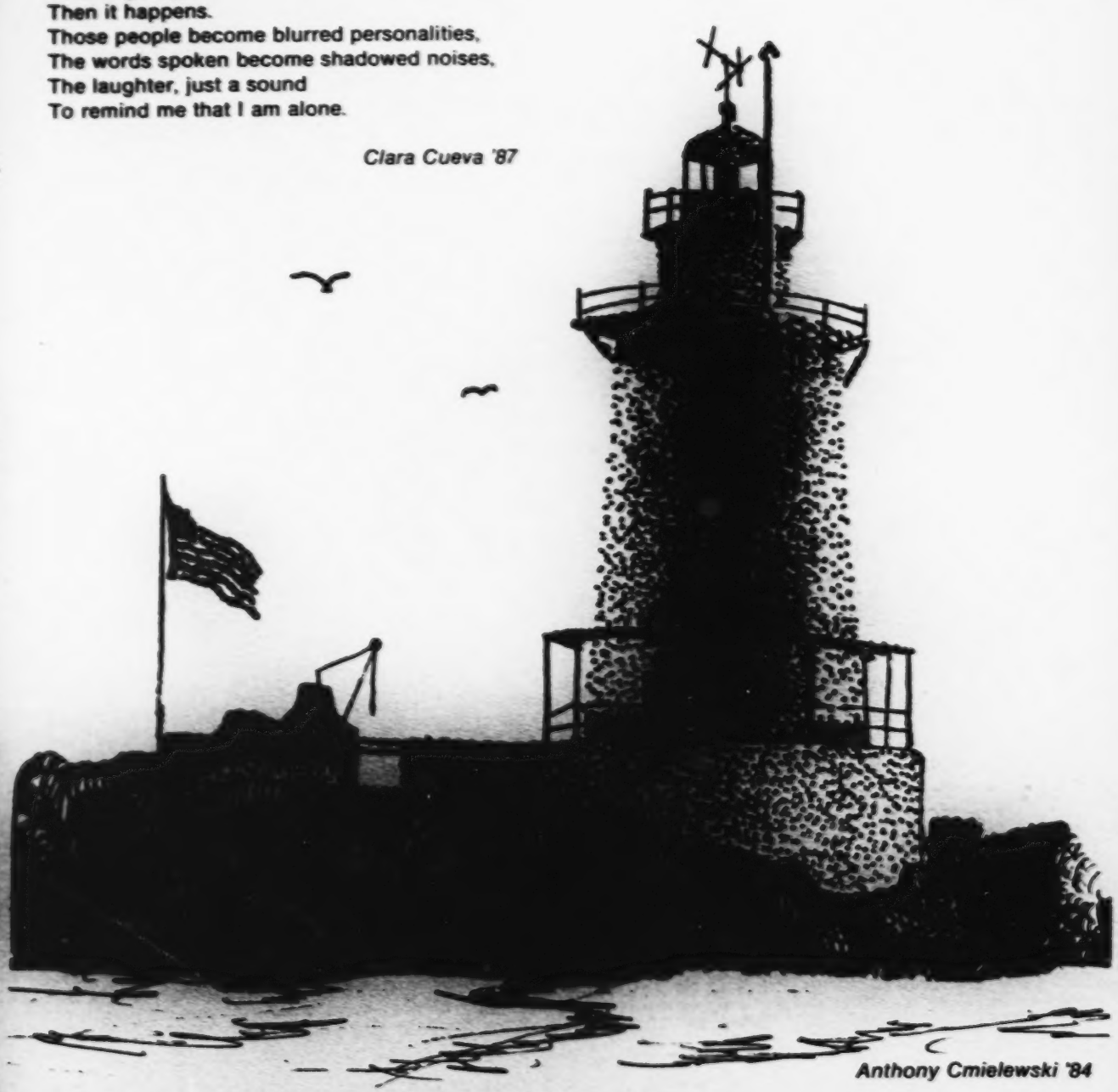
Grow as old as the mountains, my friend,
Keep your heart as gentle as a dove.
I must leave thee now, my friend,
Goodbye, for thee I love.

Alice Barron '84

Alone

Alone,
Forever alone,
People say it's not possible.
With so many people in this world,
You're never alone.
But it is possible,
And it does happen.
One could be with friends,
Talking,
And laughing,
Then it happens.
Those people become blurred personalities,
The words spoken become shadowed noises,
The laughter, just a sound
To remind me that I am alone.

Clara Cueva '87



Anthony Cmielewski '84

Graduation Day

Remember back in the first grade
We thought we were so old
The day that we had show-n-tell
And brought in some "fool's gold."

Remember a few years later
We thought we were divine
We teased the "first grade babies"
At the ripe old age of nine.

Remember back in sixth grade
We looked at him with a sigh
And dreamed of all the coming days
In the huge new junior high.

Now it's eons later
As Graduation Day draws near
We think of bitter-sweet memories
And remember yester-year.

Remember the hellos and laughter
Talked over all our fears
Reflect on learning and sharing
Before the good-byes and tears.

Pearl Garcia Sanchez '84

Summer's Over, Jock!

He used to be strong
but now he's not.
His body has weakened
and gone to pot.

He has to get stronger
to make the cuts;
he's got no excuses,
if, ands, or buts.

It's going to be hard,
his heart's full of fear.
His butt's full of lard
and his belly's full of beer.

He has to shape up
to make the team
because if he doesn't
the world will seem
like a lonely place,
just one big bummer.
Such is an athlete
at the end of summer.

Gilbert Medina '84

Robert Valaque '85

Academic Auction

Four years of your life reviewed
Scrutinized by a team of three
Examining the contents of a folder
A folder containing your dreams,
your accomplishments,
All documented
In five hundred words
Or slightly less
All packaged together
And wrapped for inspection
Only to be sold to the highest bidder.

Veronica Ybarra '84

Tony Davila '84

thirty-nine

The Creation of the Platypus

One day God was home in the universe working on His latest creation. He was creating a new planet called Earth. God, as everyone knows, can do several things at once. While God was conjuring storms He was also inventing plants. When God was halfway through with the secret of life, He'd already written all of history. It's a good thing He had a big eraser.

God, although His task was quite enormous, had a tendency to get bored and daydream while working. This is a good thing because many of God's daydreams later became facts of life. Some famous things that started out as daydreams were the Grand Canyon, the North Pole, the South Pole, and penguins. (God likes peculiarities such as birds that swim instead of fly.) At this point in time, God was feeling extremely silly because He'd just sat on a large puffy cloud. The cloud tickled God, but it felt good, and He lay himself down upon it and went to sleep. He dreamed a strange dream about millions and trillions (God always dreams big!) of small furry animals killing themselves by diving off a cliff for no apparent reason. This is obviously how God invented lemmings, the suicidal maniacs of the rodent family.

God awoke and quickly created the small animals that He saw destroy themselves. This put God in the mood to make strange animals. When God looked where He kept spare animal parts, all He found were four duck feet and the body of a beaver. He liked the way this looked very much and decided to see what else He could find. He found the head of an antelope and put it on the beaver body. After this, God rolled throughout the Cosmos, laughing hysterically, for He could not believe the ridiculous sight of the animal before Him. Finally, He managed to tie a black hole around His eyes and remove the head from the body. Next He put colorful wings on the creature, but this didn't please Him at all. He decided to put a beaver head on the body, but this was now only a deformed beaver. God squished the beaver's head in a harmless way that only God knows how to do and then wiped away all the beaver features. He gave it ears like a rabbit and then a trunk like an elephant and then He made its head look like a palm leaf. He mashed it all again and left small round eyes.

God decided what the creature needed was an unusual mouth. He tried snouts, snoots, jaws, lips, funnels, and other weird things, many of which made Him laugh out loud. He finally pulled an old duckbill out of an uncomfortable hiding place and stuck it on the face of the creature. Next, God gave the creature life and said fondly, "O.K., duckbill, let's see what you can do." He put the duckbill into a large tank and watched him swim around. Then He brought him out and gave him a cane and a tophat and made it perform "Putting on the Ritz" by Irving Berlin. Because of the animal's bad audition, God made it a lesser form of life. God still had not created the ideal life form.

Realizing that the animal would be laughed at, He gave him powerful hind legs and a poisonous spike at the end of each foot. Then He threw the animal at the Earth where it exploded into many, many tiny duckbills. The duckbills rained down on Australia (which wasn't there yet) and Tasmania (which God had not thought of yet). Thus, the duck-billed, brown-backed, beaver-tailed, poisonous platypus was born to the Earth.

The moral of the story is the following truth: You are always moving faster when you stand still whether you know it or not.

E. V. Martinez '85

Fast Talk

Inflation is down, national earning is down. If inflation is down, it's for the better because things don't cost as much. But if national earning is down, there is not enough money to spend on our now less expensive items. In other words, if one is up and the other is up, it seems as if it's down, and when one goes down and the other goes down, the one seems up but in reality is down and just appears to be up.

I think I'll run for the Senate.

Agustin Fuentes '84

Jesse Barrera '85

Late at night
I walk along my shore.
Here, my mind drifts with the breeze,
and my thoughts are carried with the mist.
Soft, foamy waves gently cover
delicate iridescent seashells like a blanket,
while the moon dances on the water
to the wind's melodious whistles.
This wondrous place is my refuge.
Here, I can build my castles and dream,
without fear of midnight tides
tearing them down.

Lori Grant '84

The Fears of Love

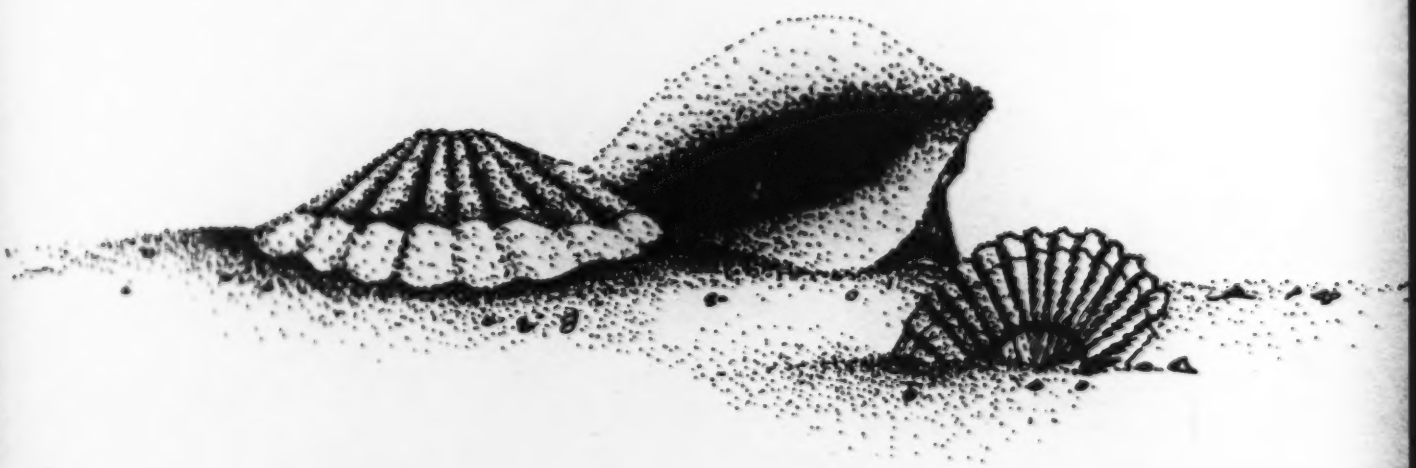
The days seem long,
The nights are cold,
This feeling that I get is old.
For in my dreams,
I see your hand,
As we walk along the silken sand.
The night is tender,
Oceans blue,
The world stands still for me and you.
The way my heart
Beats when you're near,
There's only one thing that I fear. . .
I'm in love.

Yvette Keplinger '84

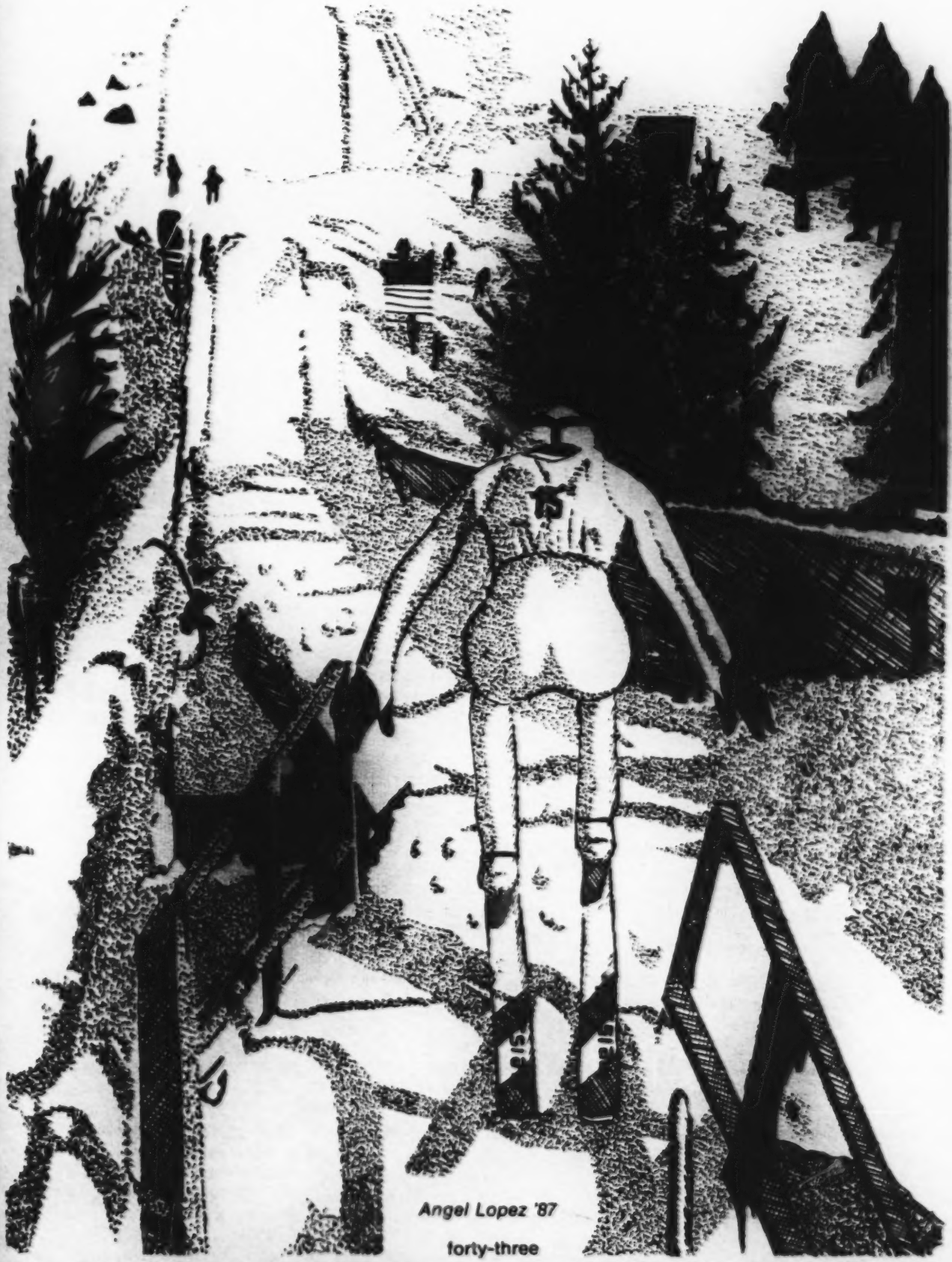
A View of the Ocean's Deep

I walked along the sea's shore to see what I could spy,
I stumbled upon a seashell which on the beach did lie.
Its pearly luster caught my eye,
Its beauty so very deep.
So softly did it lie,
It seemed to be asleep.
I picked it up to hear, to hear the ocean's song,
Its melody so sweet and true, reminds me of the young.
The song it sings is pure and bright,
It makes my heart sing too.
It sings of seagulls on their flight,
Across the endless sea of blue.
It seemed to speak to me aloud, about the ocean's deep,
The greatness of the ocean's floor are the magical kingdoms which do creep.
Where castles of gold are the ocean's grand sources,
And timid sweet mermaids do swim.
Shell carriages are drawn by the noble seahorses,
And King Neptune is always there protecting them.
I placed the glistening seashell back down from whence it came,
This world of magic, I promised true, no word of it to be said again.

Alice Barron '84

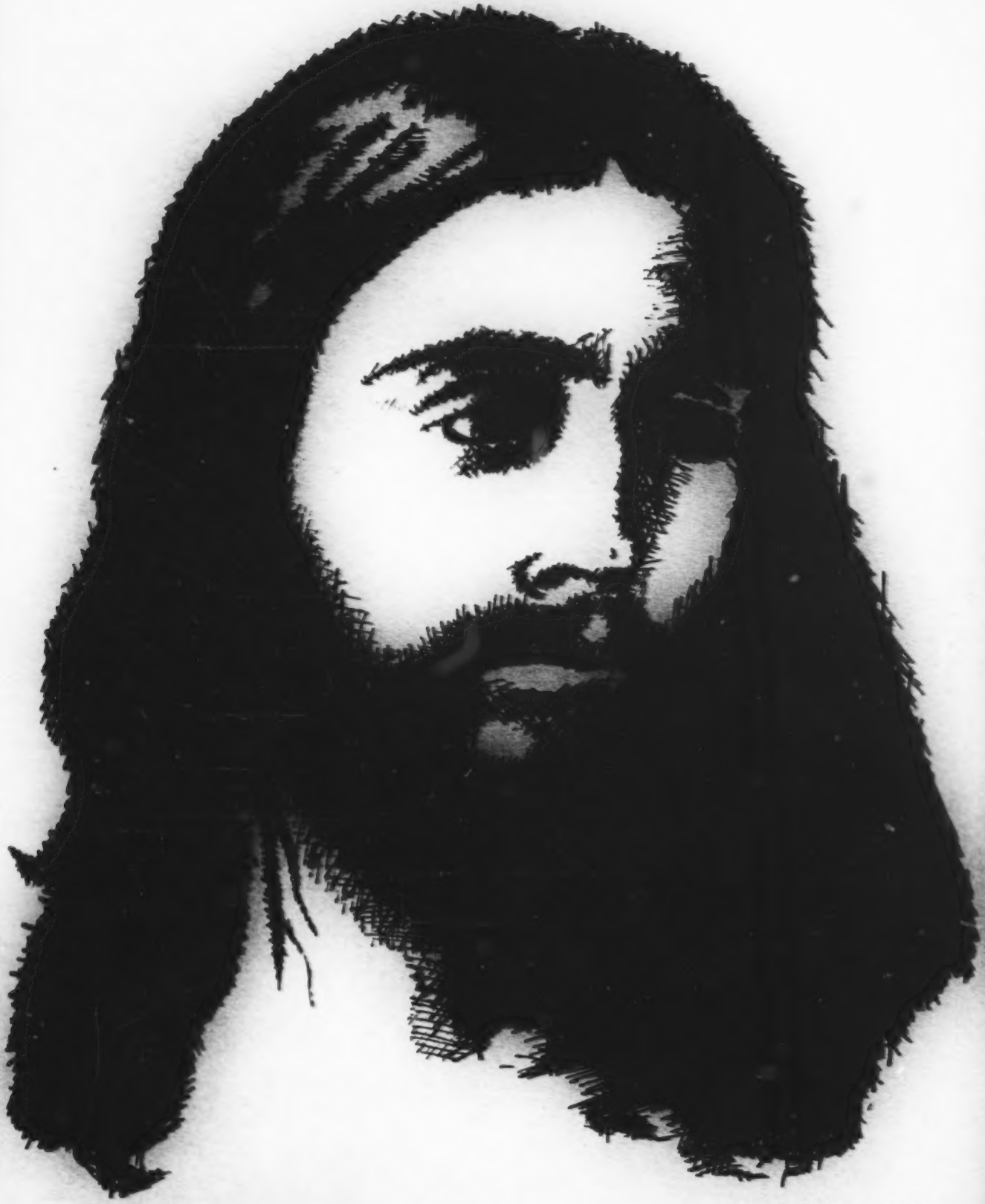


John Rodriguez '84



Angel Lopez '87

forty-three



Toby Morales '87

dark clouds overhead
lightening, lightening up the sky
i am the only spectator
gazing in awe
at the man who gave his life
hanging, bleeding and bruised
so beautiful and caring, this man
he gave his life
so that I might be saved
peace overwhelms me
i am the only spectator that
remains at the crucifixion
gazing in awe

Grace Paredes '84

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